

ON MORNING STAR

Voyage to Kusaie and Ruk in
Missionary Steamer.

CAPT. SWINTON TELLS HIS STORY

Paradise of the South Sea
Islands.The Spaniards Remove the Tabu.
Faithful Work of Mission—
Series Bearing Fruit.

Before I proceed with the Caroline Islands trip, I would like to say a few words about Kusaie, the place I consider to be the "Paradise of Micronesia."

It is here that the training schools of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands are located. Another place in Micronesia could not be found to fill the bill better for institutions of the kind than this same island of Kusaie.

Here it is that nature has been pleased to endow with food abundant, such as breadfruit, taro, sweet potato, yam, oranges, limes, coconuts; in fact, everything which grows in a tropical climate is to be found there, while the sea around it is full of all kinds of fish. In the mountains can be found pigs, chickens and an abundance of pigeons. Nothing is lacking to constitute the comfort of man. Beef also can be gotten here, this, however, in a limited quantity.

The climate is all that one could wish for. The natives show more signs of civilization than any island in Micronesia. They are kind and hospitable. A stranger cannot go hungry here. If he does, it will be because he is too lazy to help himself. The Hawaiians and Kusaians are twin brothers. Their ways show great similarity.

The King of this island is a man of about 45 or 50 years of age. He has traveled a great deal in his life time, having been in whalers and merchant ships as a sailor, to America and England, and having lived in Honolulu several years. He has been a sailor among the islands of this group in some of the coasting schooners, so he speaks the Hawaiian language quite fluently.

When all the bells to the throne had died out, it was found that he was in the Hawaiian Islands. His people kept waiting for some years back. Finally he went to his island home in the Morning Star, and is now "Lord of all he surveys." He is married to a young childless of 15 or 16 years, a very handsome woman.

In reference to the place where the mission station is situated, I would say, it is a delightful spot, placed as it is some two hundred feet above sea level. The two schools are about a quarter of a mile apart, and each has its own landing place.

The girls' school is situated further up the hill by about a quarter of a mile from the boys' school. Miss Palmer, who has been on the island some years, has charge of the Marshall Island school, while Miss Wilson, who has also been there some years, has charge of the Gilbert Island school.

These two teachers are well qualified for the positions they hold. If the behavior of the scholars morally and spiritually is any criterion by which to go, I doubt if any school for girls on the Hawaiian Islands can make a better showing than the schools on Kusaie. Certainly they have taken great pains to bring the girls up to the standard in which we find them.

There is only one fault I find with the mission station. It is too far from the anchorage. There is only one other anchorage nearer, this being the station, but it is not a very safe one. It is called the "Morning Star anchorage." It was there that the old "Morning Star" was lost.

Another drawback is that one cannot get to it unless it is high tide. This makes it quite inconvenient, especially if you are in a hurry to get away for Ruk, the end of the route.

On the weather side, where the old mission station is situated, is a fine harbor only four or five ship's lengths from the shore. It was here that Mr. Snow, the first missionary on the island, first taught the Kusaians.

For some reason or another Dr. Foss, when he was in charge of the mission, moved from there to the present site. Taken from an ordinary man's point of view, I think it is a mistake. Mr. Channon, however, does not think so. He told me that it was more healthy than the old mission station. That was the reason the change was made.

Speaking of Mr. Channon, I must say that he is the right man in the right place—a good, bold, upright Christian man, devoted to the work he has consecrated his life to. He is aided by his wife, and is head of the Gilbert Island schools. His wife, an accomplished musician, teaches the boys and girls singing. This is her part of the work. Mr. Channon himself is quite a musician. He leaves that part for his wife to do, while he devotes his whole time to the welfare of the boys, morally and spiritually.

Dr. Foss, who is head of the Marshall Island schools, is also a very capable man. One word more about the

old mission station and then we will proceed through the Caroline group. The station is in charge of a Kusai named Giak Sa, a convert of Mr. Snow. I knew him well when I was in the old "Morning Star" 22 years ago. When he first came on board he looked at me for a second and then asked me if I had not been mate of the "Morning Star" with Captain Goicord. I told him that such was a fact and then came a hearty handshake. We talked of the old times and recalled many interesting events. He is a staunch Christian. Jeremiah of the Marshall Islands and he were schoolmates under the tuition of Mr. Snow. Both are his converts. The two are doing a great work for these people.

After laying at Kusaie 10 days putting new tubes in our boilers, repairing rigging, mending sails, and watering ship, we continued our voyage for the Caroline Islands September 3d, 1896, at 1:30 p. m.

Here Miss Foss came on board. She was assisting Mr. Channon in his Gilbert Island school. Miss Snow goes to look after the remnants of the Ponapean Mission, scattered around, some at Pinap, some at Mokie and others at Ponape and Ngie.

Made Penlap bright and early next morning. When abreast of the mission station, laid back, stopped steaming and lowered a boat to take Miss Foss ashore. We could see from the ship the beach lined with people, and not being far from the shore, we could see plainly that every one was neatly dressed. After the boat beached they went flocking towards it. When Miss Foss landed they all went towards the church with singing as they went.

Towards evening Miss Foss returned, bringing with her the minister, his wife and child. He goes to Ngie to marry four or five couples, as there is no one at that place who has authority to perform that ceremony. He is to be left there, if such a course be found necessary.

From what I saw of him I am inclined to think he is a very pious man and his wife a very energetic little woman.

Miss Foss found everything to her entire satisfaction, socially, spiritually and otherwise. They have a very large church and a fine school-house. The population is between 300 and 400. About two-thirds are good Christians. Miss Foss informs me the school is in a very flourishing condition, and most satisfactory to her.

We left Penlap that afternoon, 5:30 p. m., with light, baffling winds, and at 11 o'clock that night stopped steaming.

Eight o'clock next morning we sighted land bearing due west from us and about 10 miles away. Lay aback of the station, 10:30 a. m. From a distance it looked as though there were two islands close together, when in reality there was but one, there being a long reef connecting them, and appearing from a distance off as though covered with water.

After laying aback about half an hour a canoe with three men came alongside.

One of these recognized me, saying: "You in the old 'Morning Star,' Captain Gillette, eh?" I did not remember him, but told him I had been with Captain Gillette in the old "Star." "Oh, yes," I said, "I school boy, belong Mr. Sturgeon's time here." "Come before," replied he. He must have been but a lad at the time. We lowered one boat, after laying aback an hour. During that time two other canoes had come alongside. In one was a Mr. John Higgins, the one who is looking after the spiritual welfare of the people. He is a half-white, and his father, who lived on the island, was killed by the natives some years ago. It is due to his management of affairs that we find the people holding their own spiritually. Mr. Higgins has a brother and an uncle living in Honolulu.

Miss Foss found affairs in fine order. It was on this island that Mr. Rand, his wife and Miss Foss, a sister of Mrs. Rand, lived for two years or more. This was after the Spaniards drove them away from Ponape. It was here that Mr. Rand did a good deal of work. He had, among other things, a printing press and had translated some parts of the Bible into the Ponapean language; also, some small text-books and hymns.

After being ashore with the people for the greater part of the day, Miss Foss returned at 6 p. m. We hoisted boat and squared away for Ponape, to the westward of us. This is the first time, since the Spaniards drove the missionaries away, that the "Star" has paid Ponape a visit. It was at Kusaie that we heard the "tabu" was off. Permission was once more granted for the "Star" to make her appearance there, if she felt so disposed.

Next day, being Sunday, we did not get up steam. That is the custom with Capt. Garland. Ponape was plainly in sight early that morning. It would have been an easy matter to make port that afternoon with the aid of steam, but the captain thought he would not try to get in that day. We just jogged along leisurely and shortened sail that evening, with land some ten miles off. That night the wind hauled around to the southwest.

At 5 a. m. we entered the passage and at 8:30 came to an anchor in 25 fathoms of water. Half an hour later a Custom House officer came on board; 10 a. m. lowered boat. Captain went in to see the Governor. Returned at 12:30 and weighed anchor for Kitty Harbor on the other side of the island; came to an anchor there at 6:30. Stopped there all next day and night. The day after, Thursday, Sept. 9th, weighed anchor for Keenan once more, with Henry Nanape and family as passengers. Came to an anchor 4:10. Next day, Friday, Sept. 10th, Mrs. Logan and Miss Foss went ashore to pay their respects to the Governor. While ashore, dined with him and returned aboard at 3:30.

Same day, got underway once more at 4:30 that afternoon for our next port Ngie. Made it early next day, Sept. 11th.

The people on this island are a robust looking lot, well behaved and dressed in European style. A good many of them speak the English language very well. They brought quite a number of articles for sale. Towards evening, Miss Foss returned to the ship. This island has a very nice church. Miss Foss found it in a very

flourishing condition. A number had been admitted as members since she was there last, she brought back the minister and his wife.

We squared away that evening about 5:30 p. m. for Ruk, the end of our route. That night the wind hauled around to the southwest, light, for 30 hours. After that, it began to blow quite fresh; so much so that we had to put the "Star" under easy sail. It finally set in a southwester, with heavy seas running. It was while steaming this gale that an accident happened to Mrs. Logan. This made it necessary for us to put back to Ponape for medical assistance.

It so happened that, while eating fish one day, Mrs. Logan got a bone in her throat. The Captain tried to get it out, but did not succeed. We put back to Ponape, covering a distance of 190 odd miles in 17 hours, with only topgallant sail, topsail and foresail set. Came to an anchor Aug. 13th in North Harbor, and mighty glad we were to be under shelter. It continued to blow from the same quarter for five or six days after we came to an anchor.

After anchoring, Henry Nanape came off in the Custom House boat as Custom House officer. He thought we had been to Ruk and back.

After dinner, Captain, Mrs. Logan and Miss Foss went ashore in the boat to see the doctor about Mrs. Logan's trouble. Returned nothing very serious was found and she was told not to worry. This trip back to Ponape did not detain us, but helped us in more ways than one. It gives us a little "breathing spell" and was the means of saving canvas, rigging, and perhaps, spars. In the first place we could not make any headway, blowing as it was.

Mr. Henry Nanape came on board Sunday on his way to Manto, an island some four or five miles from here, this for the purpose of holding divine service with the people.

Considering that the Spaniards have the away here, politically and religiously, great credit is due the natives for standing by the religion taught them by the good old missionaries who first undertook the task of teaching them Christ. Great praise is also due Mr. Henry Nanape for his interest he has taken in the spiritual welfare of his people.

It is due more to him than any one else, since the departure of the missionaries, that we found so many holding the truth as taught them. When we consider that he has been now in the employ of the Spaniards, and under more or less obligation to them, we cannot help but admire him for his firmness and interest he feels for the spiritual welfare of his people.

Aug. 22d, weighed anchor for Ruk with light airs from S.S.W., steaming and sailing. Ever since leaving Kusaie we met mostly with southwesterly winds and the same northeasterly current.

Arriving off the Parkins, a group of islands to the westward of Ponape, some twenty-odd miles off, we found the ship's chronometers some forty odd miles out. Took another sight and found both chronometers still farther out. Captain and myself could not make out what the cause was unless it was the shaking we had had in the blow before we returned to Ponape, or perhaps electricity had gotten into them. We took cross bearings of the Parkins, as being the next best thing to do under the circumstances. We went the whole way to Ruk by dead reckoning, there being no wind to speak of. Steamed all the way and got there in four days. The first land sighted was Naumea, some forty miles from Ruk, bearing E. by S. from it and making the land true according to one dead reckoning.

After sighting Naumea, some six miles off, at 5:30 a. m., we hauled up a point. Reached land and entered Selat passage 2 p. m. Came to an anchor off the mission station 3:40 a. m. and a canoe came alongside.

Not having been in Ruk before, I was agreeably surprised to see that every one in the canoe had short hair. I was given to understand by the second mate and others that men and women had all bushy long hair. Talking the matter over with Mrs. Logan, she said they did not all wear long hair in Ruk, a good many of them have long hair. I found out for myself just as soon as we came to an anchor that some did have long hair without mistake. Mr. Price and daughter came on board as soon as the anchor was down, followed by eight or ten canoes full of natives. I must say if any doubts had entered my mind of not meeting with any long-haired gents, they were quickly dispelled.

FABLE OF THE GOOSE.

How She Grew Fat and Toothsome on Uncle Sam's Corn.

There was once a goose that dwelt on a little island in the middle of a smooth pond, on one side of which lived a thrifty old farmer, known among the neighbors as "Uncle Sam."

On the opposite bank of the pond was the kennel of a bright and energetic Japanese pug.

Now, when the goose was still a gosling Uncle Sam gave no attention to her. But, when he found that he needed more eggs than his own fowls could produce, he bethought himself of this lonely goose, and sent corn over to her, saying to himself: "I'll get back my pay in eggs, anyway, and if I want her on my roost, after she gets fat, well and good."

The young goose enjoyed this immensely, stopped paddling for a living, and did nothing but grow fat on Uncle Sam's corn and lay eggs.

So fat grew this goose on Uncle Sam's corn that she attracted the attention of the wide-awake pug, who had a goose-tooth, as pugs would say, and was a good judge of eggs. "If I can once get this fat goose to make an agreement with me that each of us may visit the other and have equal rights to eat anything in sight, I'm all right," thought the pug, as he swam over to the goose, and, landing, sniffed the goose politely in token of respect.

The goose was much flattered at the attentions of the pug, and visions of

roaming in safety on a shore of green grass crossed her mind as she assented. When she visited the pug, however, she found that he had scratched up all the grass on the place in hiding his bones, which the polite pug offered her in great number.

She was reserved in her manner to the pug after that, but he kept on coming after eggs in the most agreeable manner in the world. One day she saw him eyeing her out of the corner of his eyes and licking his chops, as pugs do when they see something they want to eat. The next time he came she hissed at him and told him to keep off. Whereupon the pug returned and barked at her about the agreement until it attracted the attention of Uncle Sam. She hid her head under her wing at this, for she knew she had been a great goose.

Meanwhile the geese in Uncle Sam's yard set up a great noise. "We can lay all the eggs you want, and more, too, if you'll feed us the corn you give to her. Let that island goose paddle for herself."

The island goose heard the hissing, and was much alarmed lest her supply of corn be cut off. She knew that she had come to depend too much on an everlasting supply of corn from Uncle Sam, till she was unfit to paddle for her own living.

A lion, hearing the noise, came out of the woods and stood looking over the water at the alarmed goose, sniffing the air in a hungry manner; then, seeing Uncle Sam, retired into the wood again, with a longing look over his shoulder.

"I prefer to exercise my free autonomy of independent goosehood," thought the goose to herself; but I can't much longer. Any goose can see that." And so she paddled over to see Uncle Sam about it.

"Dear Uncle," said the goose, in her most graceful manner; "you've been awful good to me before. Won't you count me in on your roost now. I've always looked upon you as a sort of uncle, because, you know, your ducks came over and hatched me from an egg they found, and then when I grew up you began to feed me. Besides, I can promise you more eggs if you'll keep that pug away."

"I'll see about it," answered the shrewd farmer, as he walked away to his woodpile, revolving the subject in his mind. "If I don't call that that goose mine pretty darned soon, I guess that girl-darned pug 'll eat 'er, or the lion will. I calculate I ain't got no light now to let her be dog meat, now, I guess I be a feedin' her 'bout now, 'nough, anyhow. She must be 'bout all my goose by this time."

And the pug kept up a great barking. "I can't allow that agreement to be broken," Uncle Sam merely whistled and kept on sawing wood. "I guess that that pug thinks he can run the whole duck pond since he licked them lame ducks," thought Uncle Sam to himself. "That that goose is dog meat if I don't take her first. Any goose with a glass eye could see that," and he kept on sawing wood.

ASK INFORMATION

Eastern People Would Invest in Coffee Lands.

Some Pointed Notes on the Land Question About Taxes.

The Bulletin of the Bureau of Agriculture for this week contains some points on the coffee industry and shows among other things, what interest is being taken in the United States in the new field.

The following letters are fair samples of the numerous ones received by the Bureau of Agriculture:

New York, October 7, 1897.
Commissioner of Agriculture, Hawaiian Islands.

Dear Sir:—You would confer a favor on me if you would send a transcript of the estimate of cost (page 32 of your pamphlet on the coffee industry of the Hawaiian Islands) accompanied by a personal letter from yourself, vouching for the accuracy and authenticity of your estimate.

It is probable that I shall be able to interest capital sufficient to establish a plantation of some size, and such a transcript and letter would add greatly to the strength of such presentation of the advantages of the investment as I shall be able to make. A prompt reply would greatly oblige, yours very respectfully,
M. W. POOL.

It is to be regretted that no original, practical or able article has been written or published in the numerous pamphlets about coffee culture here, except the worthy article on page 32, referred to in the above letter; nor have proper analyses of the fertile soil been made or published, except one, written by that able chemist and scientist, Mr. Averdam, Director of Pacific Fertilizer Works at Kalahe. Most of the coffee items as published have been taken from Ceylon, or Guatemala reports. The conditions and circumstances there are such that we cannot be absolutely guided by the results obtained in those places.

It is hoped the day is not far distant when Hawaii will be able to give to her coffee and other agricultural enterprises such scientific help as is necessary to successfully conduct such industries.

Following is another letter written from the States and inquiring into the coffee industry:

Duluth, October 5, 1897.
Joseph Marsden, Esq., Secretary Bureau of Agriculture, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Dear Sir:—I have been somewhat interested of late in the agricultural development of your country and if my arrangements can be perfected, may get to your island country. What I am most interested in is the coffee culture,

and write this letter to obtain information from you on that subject.

At what price and on what terms can good Government lands be secured and how far distant are they from cultivated areas? What can improved coffee lands or plantations be purchased for? It is my intention to secure say half a dozen families or more to accompany me, and open up new farms, or purchase some partially opened and planted, provided it can be reasonably done. Could you forward me a map of the islands, that portion you would recommend, for the purposes mentioned, and where advantage of society and school can be had. My capital is limited, but have plenty of energy and perseverance.

Shall be pleased to receive such statistics from you that you may have convenient.

Can labor be secured for agricultural and horticultural pursuits? And what are the wages ordinarily paid?

Could you favor me with current market sales, for the products of the islands?

I am afraid of trespassing too much on your time, in my quest for information, and shall hence delegate you, to use your best judgment in supplying me with information. What we want is a good healthy climate, good productive lands, where labor if energetically applied and wisely directed, a competence can be made for the future, and some advantages of civilized society, if not continually, at frequent intervals.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

I am, yours very respectfully,
HERMAN E. LONG.

We have on our memorandum book the names of three practical agriculturists from Southern California who came here to settle. One of them came here with his wife and three children, as well as his furniture. He says, that he left his sugar beet farm with the mill owners as he could not make it pay. These men are all anxious to purchase or lease land.

After looking into the matter of available land for practical men like the late arrivals, the writer finds that our large estates go on the policy of not selling the lands and only lease these for a short period, ten years, we understand. This is a great drawback to the small farmers. We find that the agricultural land, on Oahu particularly, is in the hands of these large estates and other large and comparatively few land owners. The productive land is overstocked with an inferior breed of horses and cattle.

These large estates and individual holdings should be taxed to their full value or, according to their productivity. It would then result that the burden of taxation would fall on the monopoly and make it absolutely necessary for the land to be used in such a manner as to make it yield the amount of the taxes or to improve and lease it in order that the owners might be saved from loss. A golden harvest is now made by keeping the land in idleness.

There is a single tax system in New England that makes land monopoly unprofitable. This law we are not familiar with but perhaps the Attorney-General can throw some light on the subject. ALLEN HERBERT.

Mr. N. N. Osburn, well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by all druggists and dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaiian Islands.

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